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The Sailor's Cruize on Shore;

A HUMOROUS POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

WITH A GLOSSARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SAILOR BOY.

&c. &c.

Jack dances and sings, and is always content,
In his vows to his lass, he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's a traw when his money's all spent,
And this is the life of a sailor.

LONDON:

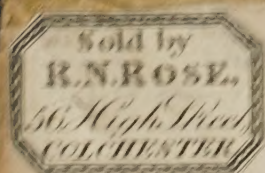
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
AND SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER ROW.











by "W. H. Ireland", 1777-1835,
Poet, ballad-writer & literary forger
hand-cold. frontis & 4 plates ✓

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JACK LUNK

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JACK JUNK.

A HUMOROUS POEM.

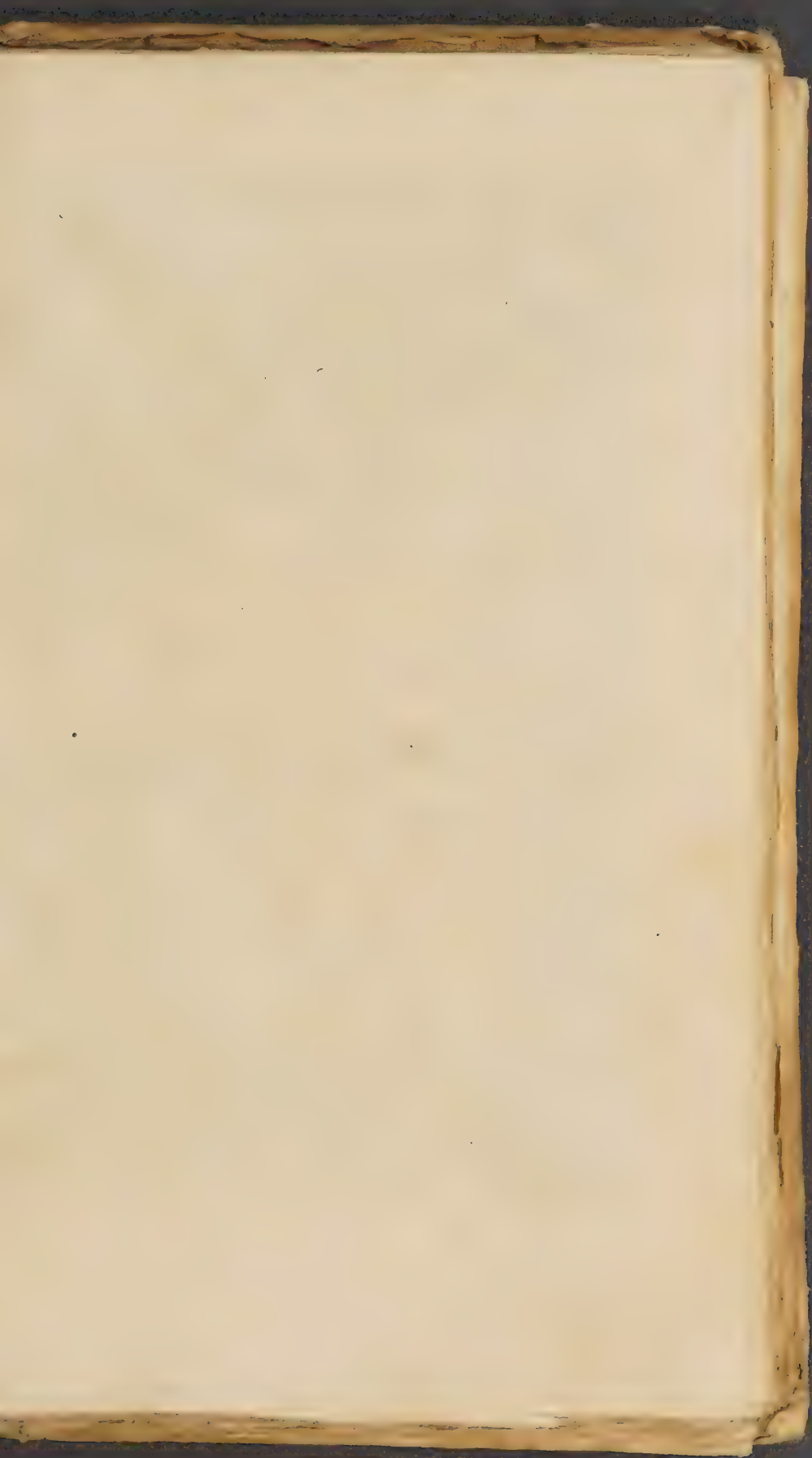
IN FOUR CANTOS.

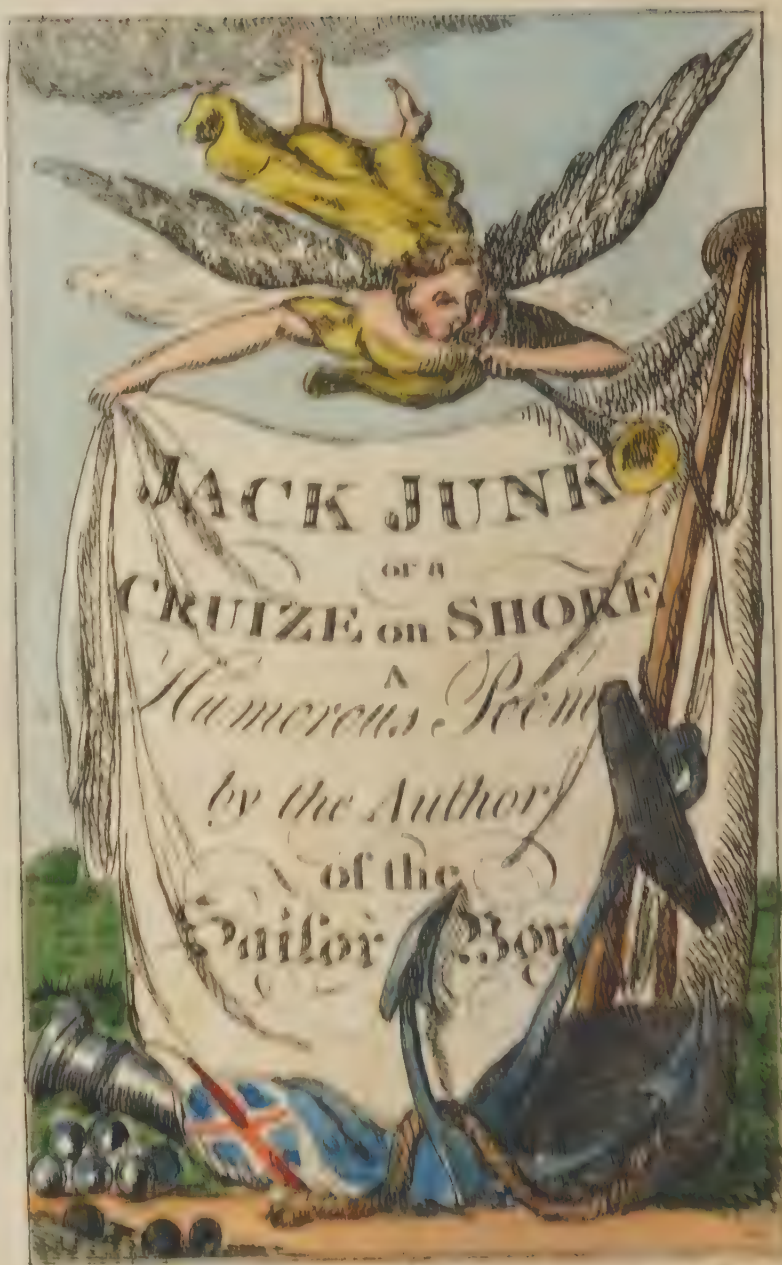
JACK JUNK

A HUMOROUS POEM

BY J. H. B. B. B.

Printed by
Wm. Johnson, Gosport.









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OR,

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DEDICATION
TO
EVERY JACK TAR
IN
THE BRITISH NAVY.

MESSMATE,

SOME time has now elapsed since I presented myself to your notice, in a poetical delienation of the Sailor Boy's progress from the lowest to one of most honourable stations His Majesty's Naval Service can afford; and the very peculiar favour which you have deigned to bestow upon that production of my muse, has now incited me to record those hours of jollity

DEDICATION.

so consonant with the character of a British Seaman, and for which he stands unrivalled in the annals of the universe.

To dwell longer upon this address might be construed as the studied language of flattery, than which nothing can be more repulsive to the feelings of an English Tar. Wishing you, therefore, the full enjoyment of a *spree*, whenever the claims of your country can dispense with your aid,

I beg to subscribe myself,

MESSMATE,

Your friend for ever,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.



THE Author of the ensuing pages thinks it requisite to acquaint the public, that his Poem, as originally penned, contained all the unvarnished epithets of an English Seaman, and his Portsmouth Fair; but as it was afterwards hinted that such expressions might debar many individuals from a perusal of the work, who have honoured the Sailor Boy with their patronage, he has, in consequence, ameliorated these passages, in order to obviate such objection being made to the present effusion of his muse.

PREFACE.

THE present is one of those productions of the hour, to which it may appear, from a transient glance, most difficult to select matter for a preface ; though, perhaps, if maturely considered, it will be found to possess a national importance, which can never be attached to it from casual observation.

There is a characteristic peculiarity in British Sailors, which places them in a very different point of view to the mariners of every other country. Their manners and customs are

entirely their own, and at once enroll them *unique* on the expanded catalogue of nations.

An old adage is frequently quoted, which states that "*Sailors earn money like horses, and spend it like asses.*" If, however, the writer of this maxim intended to ridicule the sailor's jollity, he by no means proved himself a friend to his country, since taking it for granted that a parsimonious principle became the bias of every tar's actions, that enthusiastic spirit which now fires him would be totally annihilated in a grovelling thirst after the accumulation of wealth, and the result would prove a purse-proud feeling of independence on his part, subversive of all discipline, and ultimately productive of the total annihilation of our maritime superiority.

The town-bred coxcomb, and the simpering fair, may turn disgusted from the orgies of

a tar ; but let me ask these trifling butterflies of the hour, what would ensue, if honest Jack became as squeamish in his pleasures as they prove contemptible in their pursuits. Would the perfumed youth relish a sudden command to take the field against an invading foe, or would a simpering miss hail with delight the blood-stained hands of a gallic despoiler. If such are attractions to be coveted, then let the sailor banish all remembrance of his wonted fun, and yield to France the palm of victory.

Persons who have never left their native shore, are, in a great measure, incapable of duly appreciating the prominent features of other countries ; books may instruct, but actual observation will effect more, and on the latter plea, therefore, do I place my dependence.

In the French navy, service is by no means

required to attain command, since money and interest can procure it, and what proves the result? Why, that such seamen, generally speaking, have bad officers; and in proof of the validity of this assertion, so shamefully are the calls of duty attended to on the French coast, that when in port their seamen are under no controul whatsoever, but act according to their own discretion; whereas our tars, on the contrary, long inured to rigid discipline, stand forth the bulwarks of their native land; or when permitted to come on shore, true sons of freedom, spend the produce of their toils, and then return, without a murmur, the guardians of their country's sacred rights—

HER LAWS, RELIGION, LIBERTY.

I cannot conclude these prefatory lines without adverting to the neglected fate of Mr. CHARLES DIBDIN, who, combining musical ex-

cellence with true poetical talent, has produced a series of compositions, that have, perhaps, done more effective good for the Naval Service of Great Britain, than the literary labours of any set of men, and for which he has received no other recompence than the sounding applause attendant upon real ability. In order, however, to render this subject more comprehensively understood by the reader, I shall now quote a passage from the Life of Mr. DIBDIN, as written by himself:—

“ Have my Sea Songs procured me a single public compliment from the Navy? On the contrary, when celebrated and noble commanders have arrived, and from their meritorious and glorious exertions have worthily demanded the applause and acclamations of the people, has the scene of action ever been my place of performance? No; that place has been shunned and deserted, while an entertainment has been furnished, from my labours, to crown the pleasures of the evening at the

theatres, to which the emolument has been transferred; and, indeed, the fame too; for the newspapers have blazoned the circumstance, the next morning, to the highest pitch of exaggeration, particularly in attributing to the managers of the theatres what, to their knowledge, in right belonged to me. In short, though in common with the rest of the world, I have learnt that my songs have been considered as an object of national consequence; that they have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battle; and that they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline, all which I could indubitably prove, if it were worth my while; yet the only symptom of acknowledgement I ever received, was a hearty shake by the hand from ADMIRAL GARDNER, *when I gave him my vote for Westminster.*"

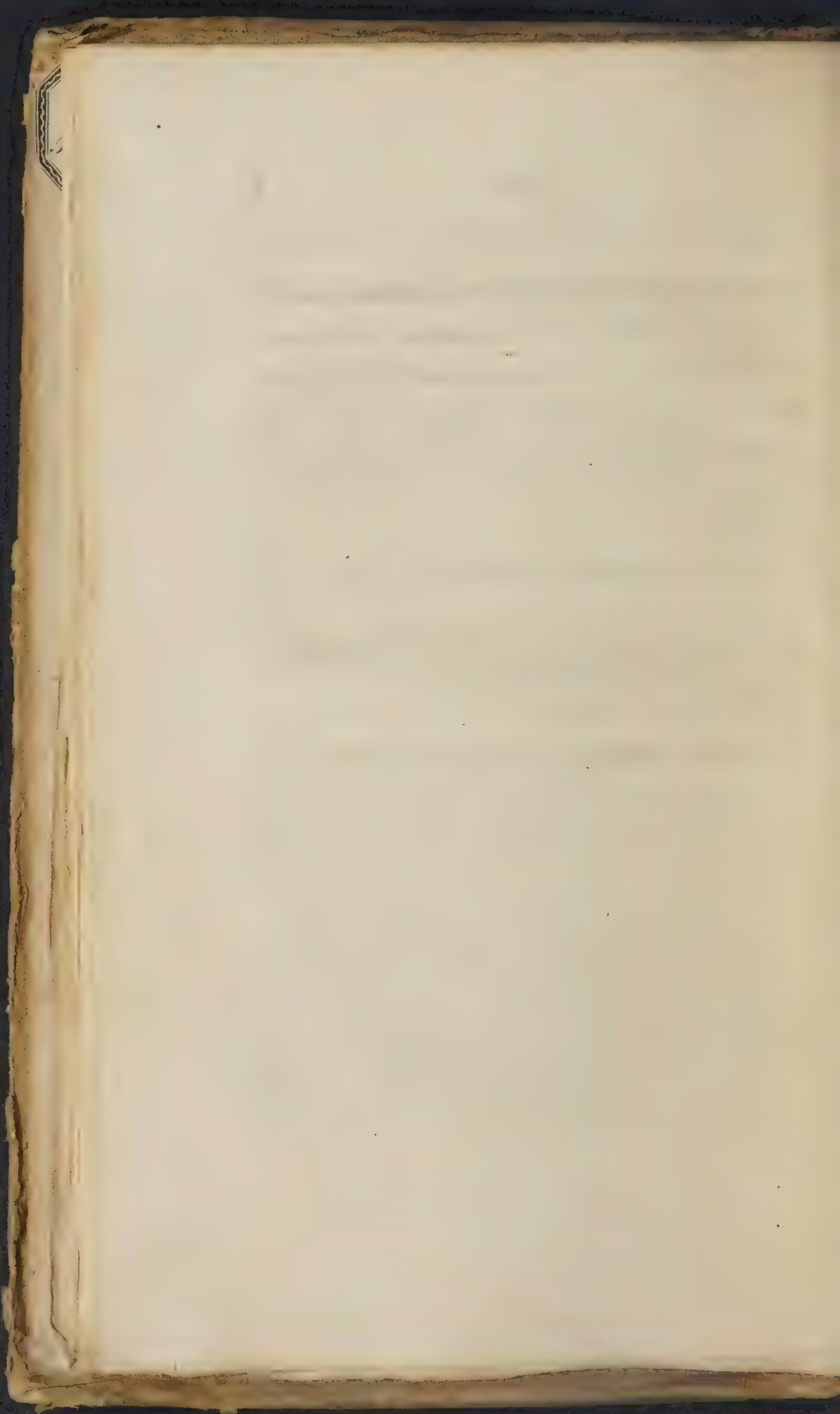
After such a specimen of *public gratitude*, I cannot refrain from remarking, that when I behold the pension list burthened with a string of names unknown to the community, either from public actions or private virtues, I certainly do lament that such an advocate for his country

as the gentleman now under consideration should escape the attention of ministers, as I am thoroughly convinced that no true friend to the British Service would for a moment regret the additional title of Mr. CHARLES DIBDIN, with an annuity of

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS per Annum,

long since voted to him by the unanimous voice of

THE SAILORS OF OLD ENGLAND.





CANTO I.



THE ARGUMENT.



A sailor's shindy superior to all other fetes, ancient or modern.—Temperament of Jack's heart described.—Junk's argufication.—Cruise commences and girls described.—Jack makes sail for a hop at Point.—His election for an ammunition wife, with other matters attendant thereupon.

CANTO THE FIRST.

“ Here am I, Poor Jack,
“ Just return'd from sea,
“ With shiners in my sack,
“ Pray what d'ye think of me.”

DIBDIN.

AVAST ! Achilles, Grecian fam'd,
And fiery Hector, Trojan nam'd ;
Avast ! your Philips, Alexanders,
Your Cæsars too, war's Salamanders :
And eke give way, Imperial NAP,
For thou, alike, must doff' the cap
To Neptune's darling son of war,
I mean Jack Junk, the British Tar.

Modern Fetes All my Eye.

An hero who in gallant fray
Was never known to run away ;
But scars of honor nobly earn,
Upon the stem, instead of stern ;
A tar, in short, that scorn'd to flinch,
True British Sailor ev'ry inch.
Such is the theme that fires my strain,
O! may the muse not toil in vain ;
But all those pastimes now rehearse,
That well might claim more polish'd verse ;
To which past fetes, and those to come,
Are little better than a *hum* ;
Since souls of taste could never choose
'Twixt Alexander's famous booze,
Or Cleopatra's vaunted fun,
When she Marc Anthony had *done*.
In short all these are rows but windy,
Compar'd with Jack Junk's glorious shindy ;

Arrival of the *Fame* at Spithead.

Since jovial sailor's hop at Point,
Puts all such pastimes out of joint.
Yet hold, I'll give no longer lip,
Preludes won't do on board of ship ;
For honest tars, I swear by jingo,
Can ne'er abide palav'ring lingo ;
They're all straight forward men and true,
Wherefore to make no more ado.
Jack Junk on board the dauntless *Fame*
Had full five years enrol'd his name,
And weather'd Eastern India's rays,
Where Sol pours forth his sultry blaze ;
And thence, from hostile cannon's roar,
Had guarded safe to Albion's shore
The convoy, with rich cargo freighted,
That makes our merchant's souls elated.
At Spithead moor'd, the *Fame* now rides,
And veers with changing of the tides ;

Character of a Tar.

There soon Commissioner on board,
From Portsmouth bears the precious hoard ;
Pays wages of the tars in flimsies,
While Jack Junk's mind, replete with whimsies,
Fingers an Hundred Pounds and more,
With which he'll have rare spell on shore ;
Kick up the breeze with wenches neat,
Enjoy the grog—dispense the treat ;
And prove, at Portsmouth Point, a sailor
Is always found true pleasure's nailer.
Thus, bless'd with cash, Jack Junk behold,
Whose heart is cast in princely mould ;
Whose gen'rous spirit nought enchains,
Staunch as the blood that warms his veins ;
Whose hand, like needle to the pole,
Performs the purpose of his soul,
To messmates poor dispensing wide,
The hard earn'd rhino—golden tide ;

The Sailor's Munificence.

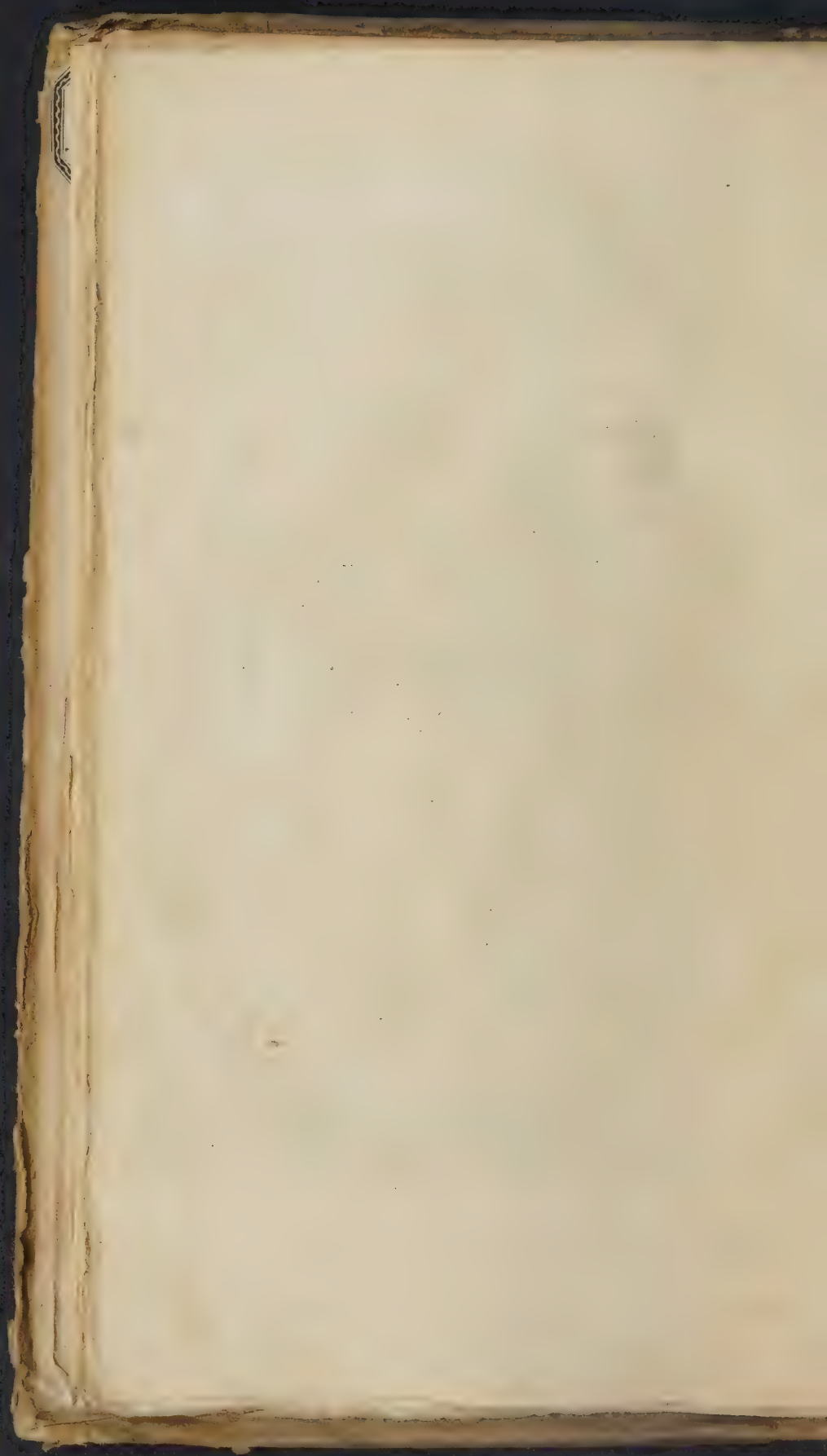
From which Jack two-fold joy obtains,
With mirthful pleasures, easing pains.
Nor less the female craves his aid,
Her potent plea with joy obey'd ;
Woman ! the sailor's darling care,
For Jack would die to serve the fair,
And though he yeilds to Cyprian bands,
A girl distress'd no less commands
The sailor's purse, his maxim true,
That love keeps pity's shrine in view.
With pockets loaded like a Jew's,
Jack burns on shore to have a cruize ;
Strikes of tobacco box the lid,
Then turns with pliant tongue the quid ;
And taking straight from can a sup,
O'er hips he lugs his trowsers up,
And thus the matter *argufies* ;
" I've rhino plenty, bless my eyes,

Fortune favours the Brave.

“ But *vats* the good of this here cash ?
“ On board I cannot make a splash ;
“ Give me the girls a shore, and prog,
“ The elbow scraper, flip, and grog ;
“ ’Tis then I shows I’ve got some spunk,
“ I’faith it’s true—for I’m Jack Junk.”
Tars can’t abide deliberation,
Like Ministers that steer the nation ;
Wherefore disdaining further thought,
Our seaman’s reasoning being *tort* ;
Onward he goes, with rolling stride,
In hopes he may not be denied
The liberty on shore to go,
A welcome—*Yes*—wakes pleasure’s glow ;
Whereat the quid from starboard side,
Is straight to larboard cheek applied ;
Thus fortune proves the seaman’s friend,
For luck on valour must attend.



Now beating up at Capstan Square
Choice dainty Damsels greet 'em there.



The Sailor his own Master.

Junk stows below one half his pelf,
Then mounts on deck like fairy elf,
And down the ship's side nimbly clews,
His mind intent on jolly cruize;
Anon with measur'd stroke each oar,
From Spithead wafts the boat to shore;
Her bows the liquid surface break,
While at her stern the frothy wake
Now foams, then length'ning to the sight,
Appears one stream of gemmy light;
Arriv'd at Point, our hero straight,
Springs bolt a shore, with mind elate,
Then rubbing hands, cries—"Here's sea room,
"Now safe ashore, I'll top my boom."
The cruize commences, off they veer,
For fiddles, prog, and girls they steer;
Now bearing up at Capstan Square,
Choice dainty lasses greet 'em there.

The Sailor's Seraglio.

Bet Stride her ruby color shows ;
Sal Walker sports her bowsprit nose ;
Nan Brag her bulky breeching rears ;
Pol Sherwin shows the bottles tears ;
And last, far fam'd for fisty prize,
Mol Chauntress view, with bung'd up eyes.
No ceremonies here can nip
The pastimes found in pleasure's ship ;
A dance becomes the gen'ral cry,
All hands agreed, for Point they hie ;
Lock Dolly's wing within their own,
More proud than monarch on his throne,
And gain the seaman's birth divine
At Point ; the *Jolly Sailor's* sign ;
The call is bitters now and gin,
While fiddlers twain increase the din ;
The sound proclaims the well-known shop,
And Junk, exulting, cries—"A hop ;"

Black Eyes the Sailor's Choice

The dance begins, they foot it neat,
And Jack believes 'tis heav'ns own seat.
Yet soft, kind reader, for, no doubt,
Amongst this lovely female rout,
Of Junk the choice you fain would know,
Who makes these lines heroic flow.
It was not ruby-color'd *Bet* ;
Nor *Sal*, with nose and chin that met ;
Nor *Nan*, that cargo shows in stern ;
Nor *Pol*, whose phiz old nick would burn.
These might have serv'd, had none been better,
But *Mol* enchain'd him in her fetter ;
Yes, she that could some ruby boast,
Of every tar, the standing toast ;
She, who had not of nose an ell,
Nor breech as huge as Pekin's bell ;
No, nor grog-blossoms, that outvie
The glowing hue of Tyrian dye ;

The Seaman's Courtship.

But sterling *Mol*, who with each glim
Bung'd up, excited Jack Junk's whim ;
Long known to brave all stormy weather,
Her tail, ne'er showing *one white feather*.
Such was the choice of fighting Jack,
Who lov'd no sniv'lers at his back ;
But bred to warfare, liv'd for fight,
And spent years earnings in a night.
With gin and dancing am'rous grown,
Jack's arm encircles Molly's zone ;
He swears of Cupid all he knows,
'That tho' her glims are black with blows,
In honor's noble conflict won,
For *Mol* had ne'er been known to run ;
Yet still she was, to please his sight,
A well-rigg'd frigate—right and tight ;
The dalliance o'er, they join anew
Their jigging messmates—jovial crew ;

Dawning of Pleasure.

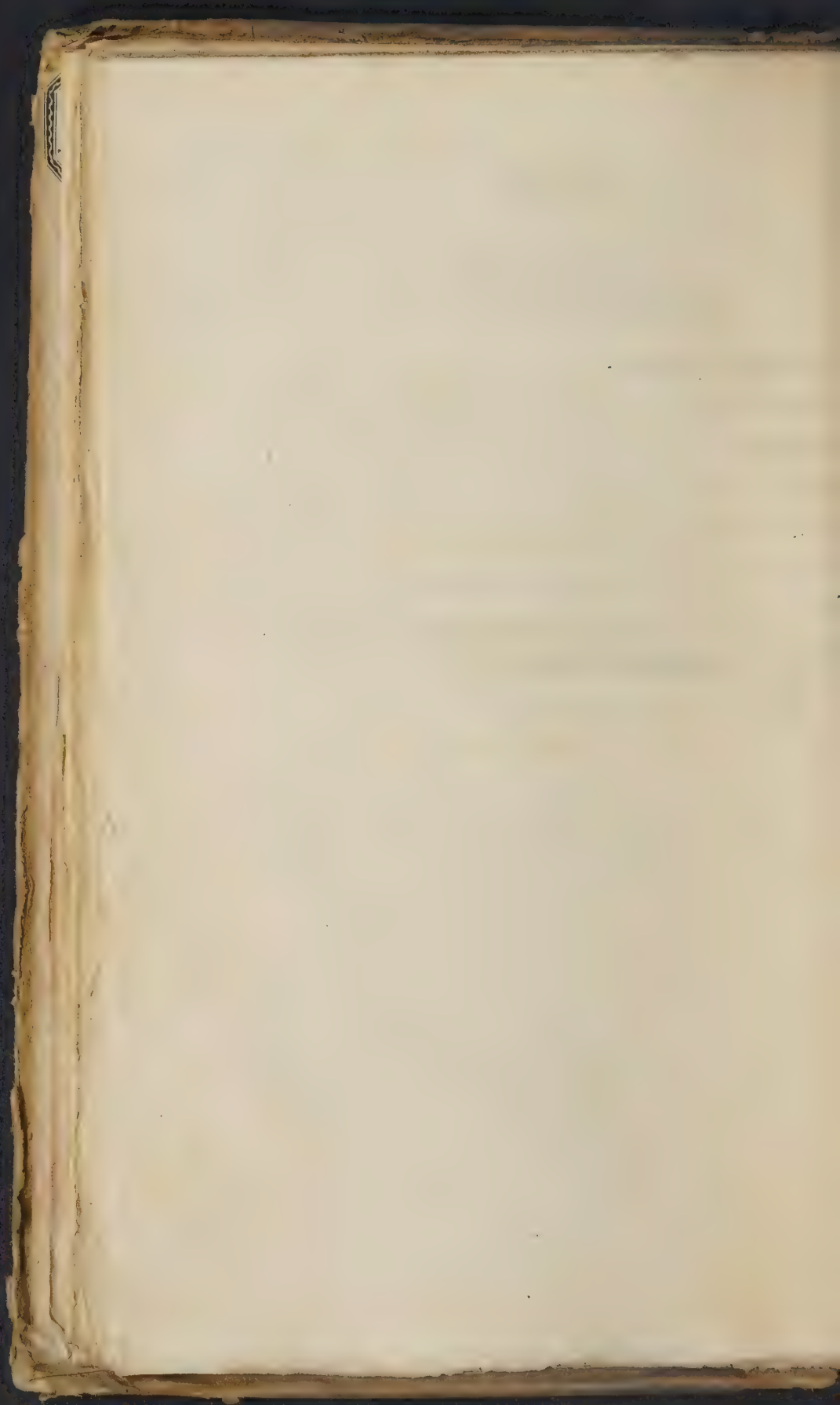
And, as they 'gin the dance, our Jack,
Shaking the flipper of Tom Tack,
Cries—" Nought on shore so well can rouse
" As clearing out at Custom House."
The laugh goes round, they sing and jest,
And foot it nimbly, breast to breast ;
The O be joyful ! plenteous flows,
In ev'ry eye good humour glows ;
While grub, in mad profusion spread,
The body cheers—as grog the head ;
In fine, the whole is gig and fun,
The Zenith bright of pleasure's sun ;
They dance till limbs no more can move,
Then, half-seas over, talk of love ;
Aloud they chaunt " God save the King,"
And " Rule Britannia" boisterous sing ;
Of " Cease rude Boreas" verses try,
Recalling scenes that raise the sigh ;

Jack cured of the Blue Devils.

For tars, though thoughtless, now and then
Can think and feel like polish'd men ;
Anon to chase this transient gloom,
The girls love's potent wiles assume ;
Fond kiss each weather-beaten cheek,
And toy like tender lambkins meek ;
Around the neck entwine the arm,
And swear each help-mate's free from harm ;
Such winning wiles subdue Jack's heart,
Who knows rough Nature's void of art ;
The hour of danger soon forgot,
And former messmates hapless lot ;
The order's issued ; straight the bowl
Of punch enlivens ev'ry soul ;
Fumes from tobacco next assume
Their foggy empire thro' the room ;
Song, fiddle, chatter, all confound,
'Till one rude chaos reigns around ;

Grub, Grog, and Snooze.

At length, o'ercome with grub and booze,
Their flagging spirits bid 'em snooze ;
Striving to rise, they o'er turn benches,
And tumble head long with their wenches ;
Thus levell'd low with kindred earth,
'Till landlord stows each pair in birth ;
Here ends the scene—the sand is run—
Of Jack is spent the first day's fun.





CANTO II.



THE ARGUMENT.



The poet's claim to consideration.—Moll in the dumps, with humours of the pop shop.—Junk, disliking uncle's duds, rigs Moll anew from stem to stern.—Jack introduced to Moll's female cronie.—A chaise and pair the order of the day.—Makes sail for the depot at Portchester, touching at every public house by the way.—Jack treats favorite wenches with labors of the French prisoners.—Is recognized by a Mounseer.—Yields assistance to an enemy in distress.—An invocation to philanthropy.

CANTO THE SECOND.

“ ’Tis said that with grog and our lasses,
“ Because jolly sailors are free,
“ That money we squander like asses,
“ Which like horses we earn’d when at sea.

“ But let them say this, that, or t’other,
“ In one thing they’re forc’d to agree,
“ Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
“ In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.”

DIBDIN.

THE Muse pipes up all hands anew,
To bring Jack Junk to public view;
Wherefore the bard shall sing out stronger,
And keep his sails aback no longer;

Molly in the Dumps.

There's mighty danger in delays,
With sons of rhyme, who claim the bays;
And as my plea to fame is strong,
Both from my subject and my song,
I'll profit by the fav'ring hour,
Nor let it now escape my power;
For men that wisely understand,
Will always keep the staff in hand.
Avast, then, prating, I'll pursue
The general theme, and straight bring too.

Our Jack and Moll from rest arisen,
Her gib, from some fell cause, look'd wizzen;
A cause it was to her portentous,
That wisest heads would deem momentous;
A cause 'gainst which 'twas two to one,
But direful fate the deed had done;

Mystery revealed.

Now, to make plain this source of woe,
The calls of poverty, we know
Are wond'rous pressing, as 'twas found
By Moll, who oft had been aground,
Who, in such struggles, fled for aid,
To *Mister Pinch*, of screwing trade,
Who hangs out symbol that appals,
No less, my friend, than *three gold balls*.
By wise heads deem'd an emblem true,
Of what is likely to ensue ;
To such as duds are there impounding,
I mean conviction most astounding ;
That chances are, as said before,
Full *two to one* that all the store
Which there is pledg'd, shall there remain,
And never be redeem'd again.
Such was of Moll the piteous case,
The cause that lengthen'd so her face ;

Junk's Morning Repast.

A cause, good friend, that eke would do
The self same thing to me or you.
Junk, seeing something in the wind,
Bade Molly plainly speak her mind,
Which she, without a blush or tear,
In brace of snaps anon made clear.
Jack cries—"Come, give us no more lip,"
Then kissing Moll, a can of flip,
Frothy, upon the chest appears,
Which to his hatchway Jack uprears;
Then hands it o'er to Molly's flipper,
Who proves, I faith, no squeamish sipper;
Rump steaks are order'd next by Jack,
With onions smother'd for his whack;
The savoury grub soon greets the sight,
And morning's meal is made out right;
Our tar bids Molly next hand o'er
Such duplicates as hold her store,

Pinch and the Pop Shop.

Who tips him straight the same with glee,
And knowing Junk's bent on a spree ;
His locker stow'd with rhino rare,
Thinks it but right to have her share.
Now for the pop shop both make sail,
Where Jack nabs *Pinch* upon the nail,
Exclaiming—" Old one, here am I,
" Come, rouse your duds, and let us try
" If some of Jack Junk's hard earn'd pelf
" Cant clear, for Moll, her uncle's shelf."
The tickets Junk on counter throws,
When *Pinch* produces soon the clothes ;
And taking payment—*pincher* true—
Nabs just *six shillings* more than's due.
Jack overhauls the bundles straight,
When luck attends on Molly's fate ;
The duds not suiting Junk's queer whim,
He tows her off along with him ;

Junk's Fancy and Moll rigg'd out.

Swears she wants rigging, stem and stern,
That he her uncle's trash would spurn ;
And, thus resolv'd, he takes the route,
To give his lass a gay fit out ;
For Jack's above your common craft,
So rigs his Moll right fore and aft,
Her garb displaying to the view,
All colours of the rainbow's hue.
This feat accomplish'd, Junk looks big,
His mind full fraught with fun and gig ;
He bids Moll choose some female chronie,
Who straightway bawls out—" Bet Mahoney ;"
When Jack Junk's ammunition wife,
Swearing he's dearer than her life,
To White Hart Row directs the way,
Where Bet hangs forth her colors gay ;
Our sailor, dry as summer thistle,
For grog sings out, to wet his whistle ;

A Chaise the Order of the Day.

Bids Bet Mahoney rig her best,
While he awaits her welcome guest ;
To Bet one word's as good as fifty,
Of lucky chances wond'rous thrifty ;
Besides Moll Chauntress gave a wink
Significant—that made her think
Some fav'ring breeze would well repay
Her rigging out in best array.
All three now joyful sally out,
Jack Junk escorting on the route ;
Still undecided what to do,
'Till lo ! a chaise appears in view ;
Incertitude no longer reigns,
Jack's for a cruize to village plains ;
To feast his mind, and please the fair,
The cry is then—"A chaise and pair ;"
Junk gains an inn, and gives the word,
When straight the rumbling wheels are heard ;

The Post Boy's Wit.

All preparation soon is done,
By post boy Tom, who twigs the fun ;
Then mounts the bar, and ere he drives
Of Junk, with ammunition wives,
Demands the route, and bows quite civil,
Junk cries—" Make sail, man, for the devil."
" Master, lord bless my darling eyes,
" That road's main rugged "—Tom replies.
" To h—I, your honour, I've ne'er been,
" I'll drive you there—and *back you in.*"
" I'm done"—says Junk, quick throwing down,
For Tom, the post boy, half a crown ;
" Steer where you will, I'm stow'd d'ye see,
" H—I or old nick's all *vone* to me."
Tom smacks his whip, along they bowl,
While Jack within, a jovial soul,
Between his Bet and loving Moll,
Like Sultan, takes an easy lol,

Casting Anchor on the Road.

Till Halfway Houses meet his view,
Where Junk cries—"Steersman, let's bring too."
At Blacksmith's Arms the chaise then stands,
Obedient to our tar's commands,
Whose lungs stentorian loudly sing,
"Avast—some O be joyful! bring."
His customer my landlord knows,
In largest bowl the liquor flows;
Moll swears the draught is soft as silk,
Bet likens it to mother's milk,
Junk swigs, and cries—" 'Tis stiff and good,"
Then bawls to Tom—"Here, d—n your blood,
"Drink till you swim in grog, you lubber,
"And then I'll boil you for your blubber."
The bowl is shortly high and dry,
And rhino stump'd—then off's the cry.
Forward they roll, in merry vein,
'Till Kingston pulls them up again;

Honor due to Junk.

When halting at the Anchor Blue,
Junk, to the jorum always true,
Bids landlord rum and milk supply ;
The host obeys—but, by the bye,
To Jack forgetting due respect,
By wearing hat—such fell neglect
Our tar resenting, cries—" My buck,
" Avast there, Nip Cheese—douce your truck."
The host, with speed, Junk's will obeys,
And his uncover'd nob displays,
While Jack and girls the potion ply,
Whose fumes add lustre to each eye.
From Kingston Tom, with rapid pace,
Drives onward to next resting place,
And Cosham gain'd, again brings too,
Drops anchor with the George in view ;
For gin and bitters next they sing,
Junk gives the toast—" God save the King ;"

Arrival at Portchester.

And of his coop'd-up birth grown weary,
The cabin leaves to Bet and deary ;
Heedless of danger and his neck,
Jumps on the roof, and claims his deck ;
Then sings out—" Tom, drive on, my hearty,"
And in this trim makes sail the party ;
From Cosham, then, in dashing stile
They bowl along—our tar the while
Perch'd up aloft, seems fate to dare,
For Junk's some fost'ring cherub's care ;
Our tar at Portchester arrives,
And to the Crown in glory drives,
Since Junk at every inn must stop,
Of cheering grog to quaff a drop.
Some reader may enquire, no doubt,
Why thither Tom should steer his route ;
The truth, at once, I will discover,
The post boy Tom, friend, was a lover,

Junk repairs to the Depot.

Who some time company had kept
With wench most *modest*—for he slept,
Whene'er he wish'd, in her red arms,
And Portchester contain'd these charms.
Junk, from aloft, with speed descends,
And leads from chaise his doxy friends ;
Takes from his jolly host the can,
His race of boozing not half ran ;
Then pledging Tom, and Moll, and Bet,
Bids landlord too his whistle wet ;
Russel, a downwright honest fellow
As ever yet with friend got mellow ;
When Junk, with wife beneath each wing,
Straight for the depot takes his swings,
Where thousands, for ambition's son,
The race of glory having run,
In sad captivity remain,
No lenient hand to break the chain.

Frenchmen's Industry.

NAPOLEAN, deaf to pity's cries
Of Gaul's own sons, the plea denies.
Jack enters soon the Castle gate,
To view the Mounseer's suff'ring state ;
And at the sight feels pity's glow,
The pris'ner ne'er a Briton's foe ;
For workmanship of captive Gauls,
The gen'rous seaman next o'erhauls
A store of rhino, which to Molly
He gives, and then to cronie Dolly ;
The snuff box carv'd, the bracelets rare,
Of plaited and elastic hair ;
The woven rings, with mottos true,
Of loving me, and loving you ;
Boxes of straw, to please the eyes,
Constructed neat, of sundry dies ;
And lace, of patterns superfine,
To dizen Moll, and make her shine ;

Generosity of a Tar.

In short, whatever took her whim
He purchas'd—cash was naught to him ;
At length, when getting under weigh,
A voice entreating, bade Junk stay,
Who tow'rd the barrier turn'd his eyes,
To learn why thus the Frenchman cries ;
When soon, in broken English, he
Tells Junk that he was ta'en at sea ;
And in the face of Jack then knew,
One of the conqu'ring English crew,
Whose life was risk'd, his own to save,
Doom'd without help, to Neptune's grave ;
Our tar rememb'rance overhauls,
And soon the Frenchman's gib recalls,
Grapples his wing with glowing heart,
And eager comfort to impart,
Hands flimsies out, Mounseer to bless,
And sooth Gaul's seaman in distress.

A Sailor's Charity.

The grateful captive strives to speak,
To Junk his lingo sounds like Greek ;
“ Avast, no cheek ! ”—exclaims the tar,
“ You’ve got the ugly fate of war ;
“ Perhaps, ere long, some evil chance
“ May take me on a cruize to France,
“ Vere, should ve meet, as it might be,
“ Look you, but do the same by me.”
To ’scape palaver, Junk anon
Weighs anchor, wishing to be gone ;
The prayers of Mounseer will not list,
But once more shaking hard his fist,
An hearty blessing loudly bawls,
And straight makes sail from prison’s walls.

PHILANTHROPY ! thou darling child,
From heav’n all bounteous, meek, and mild ;

D

Invocation to Philanthropy.

Thy theme the bardic song shall stop,
And claim the bright translucent drop,
Which fast from feeling's eye distills,
Whose soul, awakened by the thrills
Our Junk creates, must pause awhile,
Till roaring fun replants the smile,
And to the song of Momus guides
Our readers all, with splitting sides ;
For naught can rhyme so fitly season,
As sometimes temp'ring fun with reason.
Wherefore my muse the page now closes,
And, for a time, with joy reposes ;
Her thoughts engross'd by valor's son,
Old England's Tar, whose fame shall run
To hoary Time's remotest age,
Emblazoning Glory's brightest page.



CANTO III.



THE ARGUMENT.



A sailor's right to act as he pleases.—Junk, with girls and grog on board, makes way for Portsmouth.—Tom, the post boy, dead drunk, when Jack becomes steersman.—Chaise capsized at Hilsea, and all hands soused in the water.—Proceeding to Portsmouth on Shanks's mare.—Junk and Moll retire to snooze.—Bet Mahoney spell-bound.—Art of legerdemain exemplified.—Cruise to the Lord Howe, with gig and fun.—Jack meets his messmates and lasses, when all steer for Portsea.—Meet dock-yard mates.—A battle ensues, when sailors proving victorious, all hands make ready for a famous row.

CANTO THE THIRD.

" We sing a little, we laugh a little,
" And work a little, and swear a little,
" And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
" And swig the flowing can."

DIEDIN.

LET Boreas blow, let floods arise,
And waft our war-ships to the skies;
Let battles rage, and cannons roar,
Jack Junk shall reap his joys on shore;
For such as hard their rhino earn,
Should spend it just as suits their turn.
The lubber, who ne'er sees a wave,
Nor knows what 'tis on board to slave;

Jack his own Master.

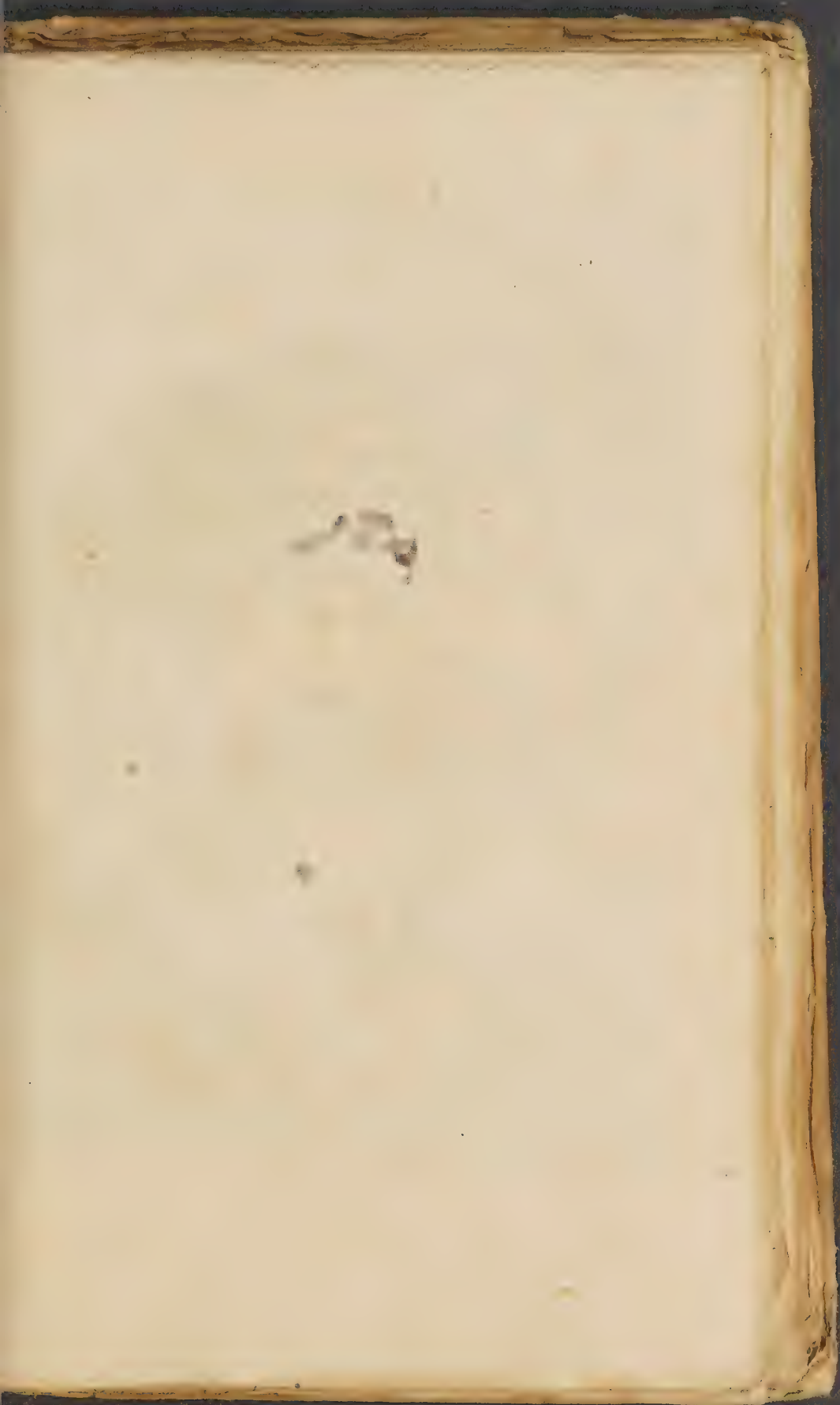
Who reaps from parent all his wealth,
Ne'er risking precious life and health ;
He may expend his golden store,
On native earth, who ne'er saw more.
Then let my sailor, at his will,
Enjoy his girls, his grub, and swill ;
He better far deserves a spree
Than those unus'd to rubs at sea.
Smile at my messmates as you list,
To Briton's mill they bring the grist ;
A cargo richer far than gold,
An ingot never bought or sold ;
A talisman that guards our land,
And rears the shield with valour's hand ;
Whose iron messengers dismay
The foes of Britain's beamy way ;
Then live my Tars—'tis now or never—
To England VICTORY—for ever.

Getting in the Wind.

From village Junk renews the drive,
And swears to keep the game alive;
Tries what each tavern will afford,
'Till all hands get their grog on board;
When Buckland's Old George crowns the spree,
Rare garden—fam'd for gig and tea;
Here grog the host profusely spreads,
As if from fumes were free their heads;
They sing and hop it, waxing gay,
Then cry—"For Portsmouth let's away."
The bill soon paid, and horses ready,
Our tar sings out—"All hands be steady;"
When Bet and Moll, grown somewhat hazy,
To chaise pursue a circuit mazy;
While Tom, who fain would sober seem,
Scarce knows which way to guide his team;
And proves, indeed, so swipy grown,
That mounting bar—his tick'lish throne—

Tom, the Post Boy, done over.

Capsiz'd by grog, he sprawling lays,
And dead'ning Bacchus' will obeys ;
Our Jack, more us'd to liquor's fume,
The whip of steersman dares assume ;
In chaise the post boy safely stows,
To share with doxies sound repose ;
While seated on the box in state,
All three are left to Jack and fate,
And under steersman so profound,
Lord send they may not run aground,
But if my pray'r be heard or no,
We soon shall learn, for off they go.
The helmsman, Junk, makes press of sail,
Each stitch of canvas meets the gale ;
No compass guides him on his way,
For grog obscures of sense the ray ;
Unmindful of the rudder—rein,
'Tis whip must waft him o'er the plain ;





J. Parry del & fecit

Reply is prompt for Eve's fair Daughters
Jack, Tom, & Chaise are soused in Waters.

The Chaise stranded.

While heated nags exert their power,
Yet cannot go nine knots an hour.
Our tar pursues this hair brain course,
'Till steeds, unus'd to such rude force,
Forget restraint, and onward dash,
'Till Hilsea notes the dreadful crash ;
Enfuriate grown, the palfreys there,
Like bullets from nine-pounders tear ;
The doxies screech, the post-boy snores,
Then open slam the yielding doors ;
While dauntless Jack, who hears the clatter,
Sings out—" Vy, vat the hell's the matter ?"
Reply is prompt, for eve's fair daughters,
Jack, Tom, and chaise, are sous'd in waters ;
While plunging steeds the danger show,
Thus threat'ning death in floods below.
But lucky chance on some will wait,
To snatch them from impending fate ;

A general Wreck.

For drunken men possess a charm,
That saves 'em from the shafts of harm.
The tearing chaise, and women's cries,
Arrest each wond'ring passers eyes,
Alarm is giv'n, all rush amain,
To drag four souls from liquid plain,
Who haply compass mercy's call,
For safe, though drench'd, behold them all,
While ducking proves o'er grog the ruler,
For water cold's a famous cooler.
The nags no injury display,
Not so the chaise they bore away,
The sides stove in, the glasses shiver'd,
And hinder wheel of spokes deliver'd ;
The pannels twain with scratches branded ;
Pole, reins, and all the harness, stranded.
Junk, never prone to tears or fretting,
D——s the mischance, nor heeds a wetting ;

Make Sail for Portsmouth.

'Then cries—"By G—d, my hull there's wind in,

"I'm for the Battle now of Minden."

Where Junk, his Moll, and Bet, straight hie,

Some brandy neat anon's the cry ;

While Tom, held up with soul in soak,

Can neither stand, nor swig, nor joke,

With peepers bung'd, the straw he greets,

To snore out Bacchus' dead'ning sweets.

From Hilsea and the Minden's sign,

For Portsmouth Jack and girls incline ;

The doxies, somewhat in the dumps,

Compell'd to pad it on their stumps.

Junk, heeding naught such crabbed faces,

Proceeds along with rolling paces ;

Performing circles, left and right,

Prognostic certain, that the sight

Sees many ways, without much trouble,

Like Scotchmen, who, 'tis said, ken double.

A Snooze.

Now Portsmouth gain'd, with girls in tow,
For room of Bet, in White Hart Row,
Our sailor steers, without delay,
That she may shift her drench'd array;
And eke our Moll, since uncle's clothes
Had there been left in snug repose.
With prog and grog, (those sound esteepers
Of human sense,) our seaman's peepers
Quite overcome, he wants a snooze,
Before he 'gins another booze;
So stow'd with Chantress, in Bet's bed,
Consigns to rest his addled head;
Where, let us now the curtain close,
And leave them to their fond repose;
As 'tis but just the muse should tell
Mahoney's thoughts, subdu'd by spell;
But if of genius bad or good,
Shall, 'ere 'tis long, be understood.

Bet's Honesty defined.

In Canto Second, if I'm right,
I said that Bet was keen of sight,
As how she was a cunning elf,
In things that appertain'd to *self*;
Now all folks know, as well as me,
Of fortune's lock to gain the key,
Two ways exist—the one fair dealing,
Whilst prudent folks call t'other *stealing*.
Now in what part dame Nature set
The germ of honesty in Bet,
The bard by no means can discover,
But shrewdly thinks she was a lover
Of pelf, obtained by hook or crook,
As straight shall manifest his book.
Our Junk and Moll, ere half an hour,
Had yielded both to Morpheus power,
For which kind chance Mahoney long
Expectant waited; when the song

Portsmouth Mars and Venus.

From nasal organs 'gan resound,
As snores proclaimed the snooze profound.
Bet calculated not by Cocker,
Yet knew, full well, within which locker
Jack Junk had last his rhino stow'd,
So wish'd to search the said abode.
Anon to couch Mahoney crept,
Not where a Mars and Venus slept,
But Junk and Moll, who peaceful snor'd,
More worthy far to be ador'd;
For Heathen Gods, friend, by the bye,
Are merely fudge, and all my eye:
Whereas, to speak plain fact between us,
Tho' Moll cou'd not be dubb'd a Venus,
Nor honest Junk a god-like Mars,
She boasted bulk, while brave Junk's scars
Proclaim'd him no mere king of story,
But living Jack, the son of glory,

Bet's Legerdemain.

And one man *quick*, fat Falstaff said,
Outweigh'd a host of hero's dead.
With flipper glib as Lucy Locket,
Bet dives forthwith in Jack Junk's pocket ;
Draws instant forth, with skill divine O,
The remnant of our seaman's rhino ;
And counting flimsies still remaining,
One half determines on retaining,
Of all Mahoney's acts the oddest,
Thus proving Bet, in pilf'ring, *modest*.
Like lightning t'other half replac'd
In locker, quickly is effac'd
All thought of plunder, for you know,
Junk honest—thinks all others so ;
Thus much for Bet, judge as you will,
'Tis plain she had some nouse and skill,
As such she gen'ral ranks in chief,
The most consummate doxy thief,

Hop renewed and Jovial Cheer.

As great as mistress, that evinces
Art to inveigle mighty princes ;
For what but men are princes still,
The slaves of subtle woman's will.
Now for our tar, who having snor'd
For two full hours, is then restor'd
From semblance of the dead to life,
With Moll his ammunition wife.
The girls now rigg'd and fit for fun,
Junk, for the Lord Howe, takes the run,
There orders grub and smoking flip,
To cheer his hull and soak his lip ;
And singing loud with fancy pieces,
The elbow scraper noise encreases.
Then 'gins the sprightly dance again,
And all hands foot it to the strain ;
While thus engaged in jovial cheer,
The messmates of our tar appear ;

Shindy determined upon.

Each leading by the flipper in,
His doxy muzz'd with flip and gin ;
The fun increases, all in motion,
Swig thirstful of the welcome potion ;
'Till Junk, the foremost of our throng,
Who, sailor like, ne'er tarries long
To taste one pleasure, but must be,
At all times, captain of a spree,
Sings out—" Come, messmates, let's make sail,
" We've here no lubbers to turn tail,
" I'm for a row ;" when one and all
Give cheek, and for a shindy bawl.
The bill soon settled with the host,
From Lord Howe reeling off they post;
The signal Portsea, whither bent,
Who dares impede their mind's intent;
Our sailors thus, in jovial strain,
Cast anchor in Rosemary Lane;

E

Portsmouth Point A Hoy!

Enjoy all fun the spot affords,
Then make fresh sail as drunk as lords;
And gaining fam'd Southampton Row,
Command anew the liquors flow;
Triumphant reign girls, fiddles, grub,
And brim full cans of famous bub.
Now Portsea pastimes growing stale,
Junk cries—"A hoy! for Point make sail;"
The anchor weigh'd, they roaring reel,
Scarce knowing how to keep the keel;
And thus on cruize proceeding hot,
It proved of dock yard mates the lot,
To come athwart their tackle blind,
Jack sings out—"D—me, haul your wind;
"Come messmates all, my flipper hankers,
"To capsize lubberly dock shankers."
When latter finding tars on shore
Have got with grog full half seas o'er,

Battle with Dock Yard Mates.

Give cheek, and straight, with taunting song,
Demand to what ship they belong?
Junk, without parley, quick replies,
“ The saucy *Nonsuch*, d—m your eyes,
“ A frigate built dock dogs to check,
“ With never a bottom and no deck.”
He scarce had spoke when tars all shout,
“ A flower ; a daisy ;—spoony lout.”
At 'em, roars Junk, cheek full of guzzle,
And deals forth quick a lushing muzzle ;
When battle royal straight begins,
And tars make good use of their fins ;
With broken snob one 'gins to whelp,
Capsized another roars for help ;
A third gives in with peepers bows'd,
And soon the dock yard crew is rous'd ;
In all directions off they broom,
Thus paid for having dared presume.

Foreboding of a Row.

When loud each sailor gives the cheer,
And tackling flipper of his dear,
For Point makes sail, with joy half crazy,
At having threshed a dock yard daisy.



So much for messmates and our Junk,
All bidding fair to get dead drunk,
This row encreasing still their joys,
Aloud they curse along shore boys ;
While Jack, whose pluck no fate can bow,
Determines on a furious row,
To which I'll lead him, friend, 'ere long,
And thus to anchor bring my song.



CANTO IV.



THE ARGUMENT.

Grog the sailor's helmsman.—Jack a king on shore.—Hop at the Naked Boy.—Row commences; windows, bottles, glasses, and all capsized.—Landlord calls in constables, desperate conflict ensues, and guardians of the night repulsed.—Junk sings out a general broadside, when a strong cudgel club assembled, tars are overpowered, and conveyed to the guard house.—A new row and battle royal, when a squadron arriving, Jack and his messmates escape from limbo.—The party steer for Sally Port, and there again get grog on board.—Council of constables, and determination thereupon.—Junk, eager to treat his friends, calls for another can.—Reckoning demanded, but lockers empty on all sides.—Jack sets sail for the needful.—Knocks up Moses Mordecai, and demands prize money.—The son of Israel tips him the go-bye.—The Jew receives a drubbing.—Confesses the *fairness* of his dealing.—Constables arrive.—Junk fights to the last, when, quite exhausted, he is led to the guard house.—Meets his messmates, and then content, all hands forget past scenes in renovating sleep.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

“ Smiling grog is the Sailor’s best hope, his sheet anchor,
“ His compass, his cable, his log,
“ That gives him a heart which life’s cares cannot canker,
“ Though dangers around him,
“ Unite to confound him,
“ He braves them, and tips off his grog.

“ ’Tis grog, only grog,
“ Is his rudder, his compass, his log,
“ The Sailor’s sheet anchor is grog.”

DIBDIN.

SOUND, sound my lyre, anew Jack runs
His boistrous race, and fires great guns ;
The shindy now attains its height,
And Junk’s alive to fun or fight ;

Duty at Sea—Pleasure on Shore.

For after all is said and done,
Fighting's to Jack the same as fun ;
His mind on frenzy somewhat borders
For row, thus under sailing orders ;
While ev'ry messmate, mad as he,
Sings out for pleasures of a spree.
Steer'd to this pitch by helmsman grog,
His spirit needs no lash to flog ;
No spur, incitement keen to rouse,
'Fore nothing mortal seaman bows ;
I mean on shore, where Junk's a king,
On board 'tis quite another thing ;
For sailors know that victory
Attends on duty when at sea ;
And therefore only take command
When high and dry upon the land.
But now to wind up closing strain,
I'll rig out straight my muse again ;

Junk at the Naked Boy.

A theme, I trust, will please my tars,
And banish thoughts of wounds and scars,
For he that pours on sorrow balm,
Deserves of fame the verdant palm;
So messmates, on this plea depending,
May your applause prove my befriending.
With tars and doxies full of joy,
Junk gains the famous *Naked Boy*;
Who, having no fig leaf or sash on,
By scroll informs you—"If the fashion
"To him was known, he cloath'd wou'd be,
"Nor thus show forth in nudity."
In Prospect Row once more is cast
Junk's anchor, and his hull made fast;
Anew the theme is here repeated,
Tars must have grog, and girls be treated;
Junk, Moll, and Bet, well know the shop,
The cry, once more—"A hop! a hop!"

A Landlord up to Snuff.

While elbow-scrapers, all grown groggy,
Tune fiddles up, with senses foggy ;
In fine, do any thing but play,
Riot the order of the day ;
I shou'd say night—but slipp'd my cable—
Four bells, you know, bring too with sable ;
Now reigns around confusion dire,
Junk, tars, and doxies, all on fire ;
No longer Jack remembers lass,
No longer heeds the brimfull glass ;
Life's liquor spilt, in streamlet glides,
And flows adown the chest in tides.
Each tongue sounds forth, like cannon's roar,
“ A spree !” Junk cries—when at the door
Awaits with bill, the landlord cunning,
Alive to every art and funning.
“ Avast !” says Jack, and takes his scroll,
Who cannot read, yet d——s his soul ;

An Ale House Skirmish.

Swears, by the Lord, his sense is waking,
That half the bill is but a take in,
And, rather than be so outdone,
He'll give him lip for cheating fun ;
From off his pins capsize him straight,
And with clos'd dead lights seal his fate.
Junk scarce had spoke, when with disdain
Of windows, tars smash ev'ry pane ;
Pell mell the bottles fly and glasses,
While screaming run the fancy lasses,
Like storm, when hurricanes rude blow,
They shiver all, and lay it low,
The room, 'ere long, a gen'ral wreck,
And splinters only strew the deck ;
While thus engag'd, the host outright
Sends for the guardians of the night ;
When constables appear, 'ere long,
To check this Bacchanalian throng.

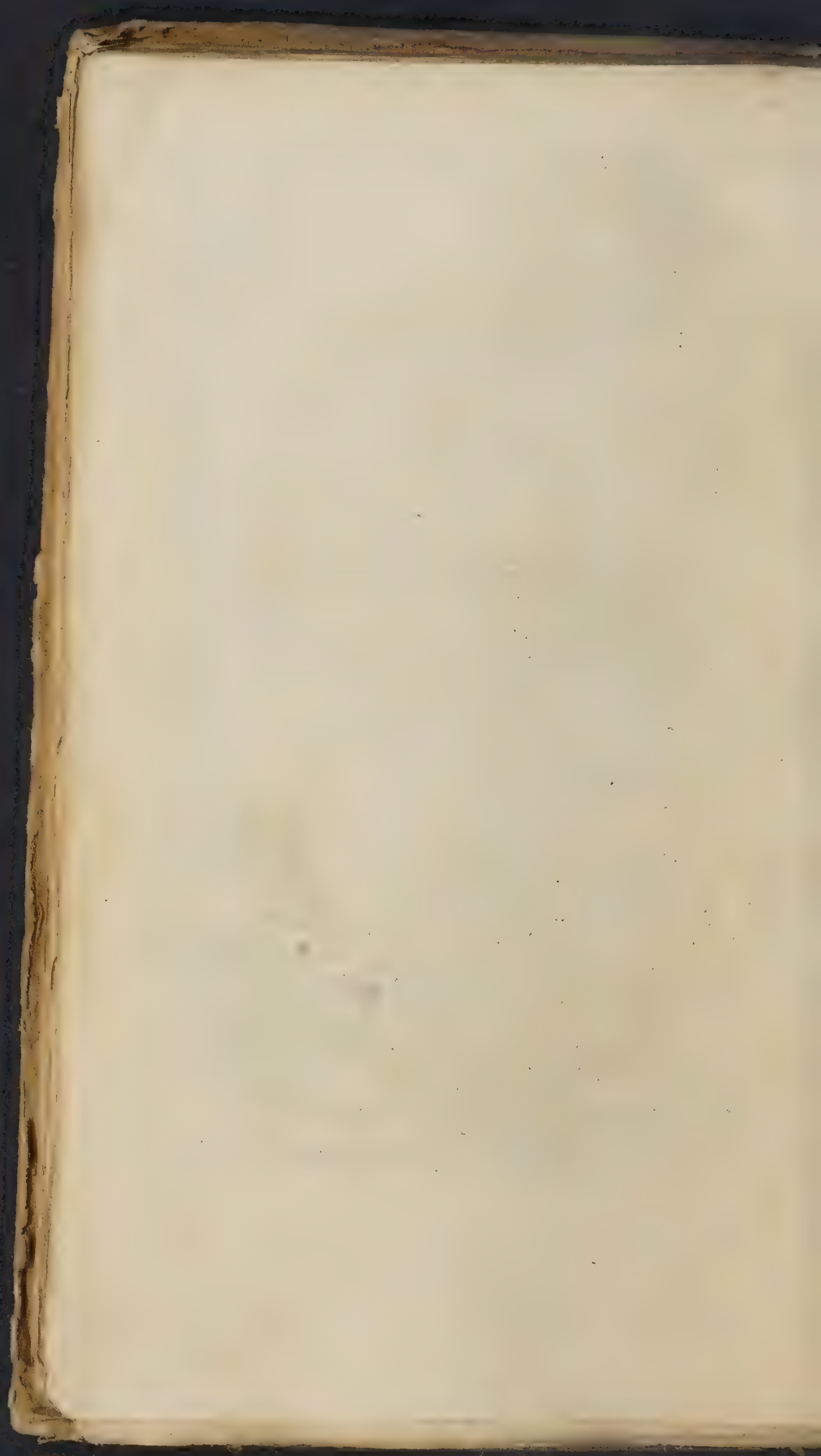
Watchmen roused.

Jack, who disdains the parish stocks,
Demands, in thunder's tone—the box ;
The tars, tongs, shovel, poker wield,
From chains their freedom to enshield ;
While Junk, with massive leg of table,
By main-mast swears to fight while able ;
The row ensues, a direful tustle,
Hell seems to lord it o'er the bustle ;
'Till tars, with leader Jack, make broom
These lords of night, and clear the room ;
Victorious now, with voices stout,
They rend the air with boist'rous shout ;
While Junk, true son of Britain's Navy,
Who ne'er yet flinch'd at thought of Davy,
Exclaims—" In spite of wind and tide,
" Vele give these lubbers a broadside !"
Thus having said, from scenes of fray,
With messmates Jack, for door makes way ;



J Parry del & fec

Till Luns with leader Jack make broom
These Lords of Night & clear the Room.



Junk and Messmates cut up.

When lo ! on stairs, our tars to drub,
Is rang'd a mighty cudgel club.
Bold Junk, whose heart as oak was stout,
Ne'er heeding the o'erwhelming route,
The table's leg wav'd thrice on high,
" A broadside, boys !" the dauntless cry ;
The battle rages, weapons meet,
And direful is the conflict's heat ;
But numbers valour must subdue,
Thus four to one—our groggy crew
Cut up—surrenders to the foe,
Each rak'd with many a galling blow ;
Their hats stove in, and jackets torn,
Like sails in ribbons, stream forlorn,
And thus accouter'd, each is led
To guard-house, there to rest his head.
Arriv'd at this portentous spot,
Junk thinks disdainful on his lot ;

Battle recommences.

While weapons from each seaman's hand
The constables anon demand.
With dire contempt Junk's mind then fed,
And cheeks with wrath quick kindling red,
He cries—"Avast! 'ere bludgeon yield,
"I'll die, capsiz'd upon the field!"
These words like lightning swiftly fly,
"D—me v'ell keep our arms or die."
"Huzza!" sings Junk, while every tongue
With loudest cheers the vacuum rung.
The guards of night anon prepare,
In numbers confident, to tear
From ev'ry grasp the weapon dire;
But, when a seaman's soul's on fire,
To threaten's easier than to act,
Since tars are devils at the fact.
The dreadful fray begins once more,
When summoned by the loud uproar,

Reinforcement and Victory.

Four sailors passing wish to see
The cause of this tremendous spree ;
And ent'ring guard house forthwith view,
This conflict of th' unequal crew.
One messmate never needs a spur
To make his blood impetuous stir.
“ Here's, bless my eyes, a pretty game,
“ Vy four to vone's a burning shame,”
Sings out the foremost of this crew,
When ev'ry flipper straight brings too.
No sooner Jack beholds outright,
This friendly squadron join the fight,
Than fiercer still he wages battle,
And levels constables like cattle ;
Who, soon subdued, their staffs throw by,
And lustily for quarters cry.
Junk viewing now the coast quite clear,
And all escaped night's lodging drear,

Junk's Picture of a Watchman.

Bids guard house and its crew farewell,
Resolved his friends shall take a spell;
And rescu'd thus, to veering gale,
For land of chance then spreads the sail,
Forgetting past and present too,
Since naught but *future* meets his view.
Our tar and messmates, with escort,
Anon bear down for Sally Port,
And steering to first sign in view,
The grog is brought for friendly crew;
Their lips in turn, the can salute,
Nor is there one continues mute.
Junk foremost, with a hearty d—m,
Swears lubbers fighting's but a flam,
That constables disturb all joys,
A race of mere loplolly boys;
In short, to hell consigns the race,
Imps made for such a broiling place.

Decision of Constables.

While Junk with friends and messmates thus—
The row preceeding—deep discuss;
Their ammunition wives had fled,
Not liking much a flinty bed,
Whereto they all consign'd had been,
Could constables their jibs have seen;
But 'fore the night watch—dire confounders,
Girls fly like bullets from nine pounders;
Meanwhile the constables sore smarting
From blows received, ere tars departing,
Their minds for signal vengeance burn,
Resolv'd to conquer in their turn;
To compass which, war's council sits,
Where argufy these little wits,
And to this bearing come at length,
That finding in our tars such strength,
One man will bravely combat four,
These heroes needs must summons more;

Junk's Liberality.

Wherefore to end our seaman's gig,
Six men to one, for warfare rig,
And with such reinforcement stout,
For tars they 'gin to search about;
As two bells sound how minutes run,
Of matin hour, thus noting—One!
While constables these plans adopt,
To get our hearty sailors shopp'd;
Seamen who profit by the time,
With flowing cans their courage prime,
And for the row desirous still
Drain all the grog—then call for bill,
The reck'ning comes, Junk vows his friends
Shall from his locker share amends,
Whilst messmates of our tar declare,
That having had an equal share
Of swig and pleasure with the four
That rescu'd them from guard-house door,

The parting Can.

The payment they would share with Jack,
Nor will a man be ta'en aback ;
“ Vell, be it so, says Junk anon,
“ So each agrees ere ve be gone,
“ The parting can of grog to take,
“ For sweethearts and acquaintance sake ;”
All hands content—anew the board
Anon with flowing can is stor'd ;
The cry is now—toast, song, and gig,
While lips still thirsting, copious swig,
'Till jolly souls, by Bacchus pinn'd,
Most d—mn—bly get in the wind.
So ev'ry one that mind carouses,
Must damage pay at public houses,
As all men know, who e'er have been
Awhile the inmates of an inn.
Of payment now the hour arrives,
In locker Junk his flipper drives,

Lockers empty.

But seeks in vain for gold or paper,
The latter spent—the former vapour;
In fine, of fifty flimsies 'reft,
Jack only finds one six-pence left.
Junk's messmates then the lockers search,
But rhino leaves them in the lurch;
Their duds combin'd gall feelings collar,
Not making up one wretched dollar,
Wherewith they have a bill to pay,
That Five Pounds scarcely would defray.
A minute's silence now ensues,
'Till Junk, at all times, fit for cruize
“ Vows, d—n his eyes, he'll do the thing,
“ And pay the reck'ning like a king;”
Swearing that lockers he'll capsize
Of agent, who for many a prize;
The precious rhino still retains,
By fighting won, on Neptune's plains.

Jack a sound Steersman.

Jack rising reels, and gains the door,
Which saves him from a birth on floor,
And fraught with business, leaving friends,
Headlong, ne'er heeding stairs, descends,
Then bolts from passage to the street,
His purpose eager to complete ;
Our sailor Junk's no lubber sot,
For though his grog on board is got,
He still while tacking justly steers,
And from lee shore his hull safe clears ;
His compass *usage*, can support
Poor ship-wrecked sense, and make the port.
In plight like this Jack's anchor cast,
He sings at agent's door—"Stand fast !"
Then knocker seizing, raps amain,
To break of Morpheus spell the chain ;
Aloft the op'ning window creaks,
When lo ! a voice enquiring speaks ;

Jack's Parley with Moses.

“ *Who's dere?* ”—Junk cries, “ Avast, give way,
“ Jack vants you, Moses Mordecai ;”
“ *Vants me,* ” “ aye you,” Jack threat'ning roars,
“ And d—mme open quick your doors,
“ Or, bless my eyes, I'll stave 'em in,
“ And rouse you with a seaman's fin.”
The son of Israel cries—“ *mine Got,*
“ *Vat vill be next de Hebrew's lot ?* ”
Jack smiling sings, “ the lot of Ammon ;”
“ A gibbet, Moses, for your gammon.”
The Jew then striving Junk to fright,
Holds rusty pistol forth to sight,
And swears by all the prophets old,
No thief shall rob him of his gold;
And thus determin'd, cries—“ begone,
“ Or, by the *Lort*, I'll fire anon.”
“ Fire and be d—n'd,” sings out the tar,
“ Dost think to fright a man of war ?

Tars will have their own.

“ Avast ! I'll teach you to be civil,
“ And send your Jew's soul to the devil.”
With indignation fully fraught,
In acting Junk was quick as thought ;
With strength of Hercules he strives,
And door from off it's hinges drives ;
Then, rushing onward, seizes fast
The beard of Jew, and roars,—“ Avast !”
When Mordecai demands his pleasure ;
Quoth Junk,—“ I only vants my treasure,”
“ Rhino from prizes justly gain'd,
“ Which you, like scoundrel, have retain'd,
“ So hand the duds, without more lip,
“ Or, by the lord, your beard I'll clip.”
The son of Levy, on his guard,
Sings out,—“ I'll do so, *on mine vard.*”
In cunning Moses is no failer,
So quick from passage leads our sailor,

Mordecai gets a Milling.

That stow'd in hinder parlour he,
His child Rebecca may not see,
Who for assistance straight is hurried,
By Mother Mordecai—sore flurried;
Junk, without prelude, tells his name,
Recounts his prizes and his claim;
When Moses, who dares not refuse,
For passtime has recourse to ruse,
But Jack, our tar, will not be cramm'd,
So sings out,—“old vone, I'll be d—n'd,
“If longer you hold locker's prog,
“I'll drub your hide like bacon hog.”
The Jew now pleads excuse in vain,
“My vord's, my vord,” says Junk, “that's plain,
“So Mordecai, I'll now be brief,
“And baste you for a dirty thief.”
In vain sings out the smarting Jew,
His cries Jack's wrath cannot subdue,

A Jew's Confession.

'Till prostrate stretch'd, for grace he begs,
Junk ceases—for when off his legs
A son of Britain views his foe,
He never aims a second blow ;
“ There, Nip-cheese, lie,” cries Jack, “ and rot,
“ Avast, though, I had nigh forgot
“ To ax vone question, ere I've done,
“ Vich is, in all your cheating fun,
“ To know how much your conscience stows
“ Of sailors rhino, arn'd by blows ? ”
“ Speak truth,” cries Junk, with flipper doubled,
Whereat old Israel's son, sore troubled,
Sings out—“ *Mine Got, I am content*
“ *To gain but FIFTY POWNS PER SHENT.*”
This modest truth was scarcely spoke,
'Ere constables the parley broke ;
Tho' six to one, Jack strives amain,
Like baited bull that spurns his chain,

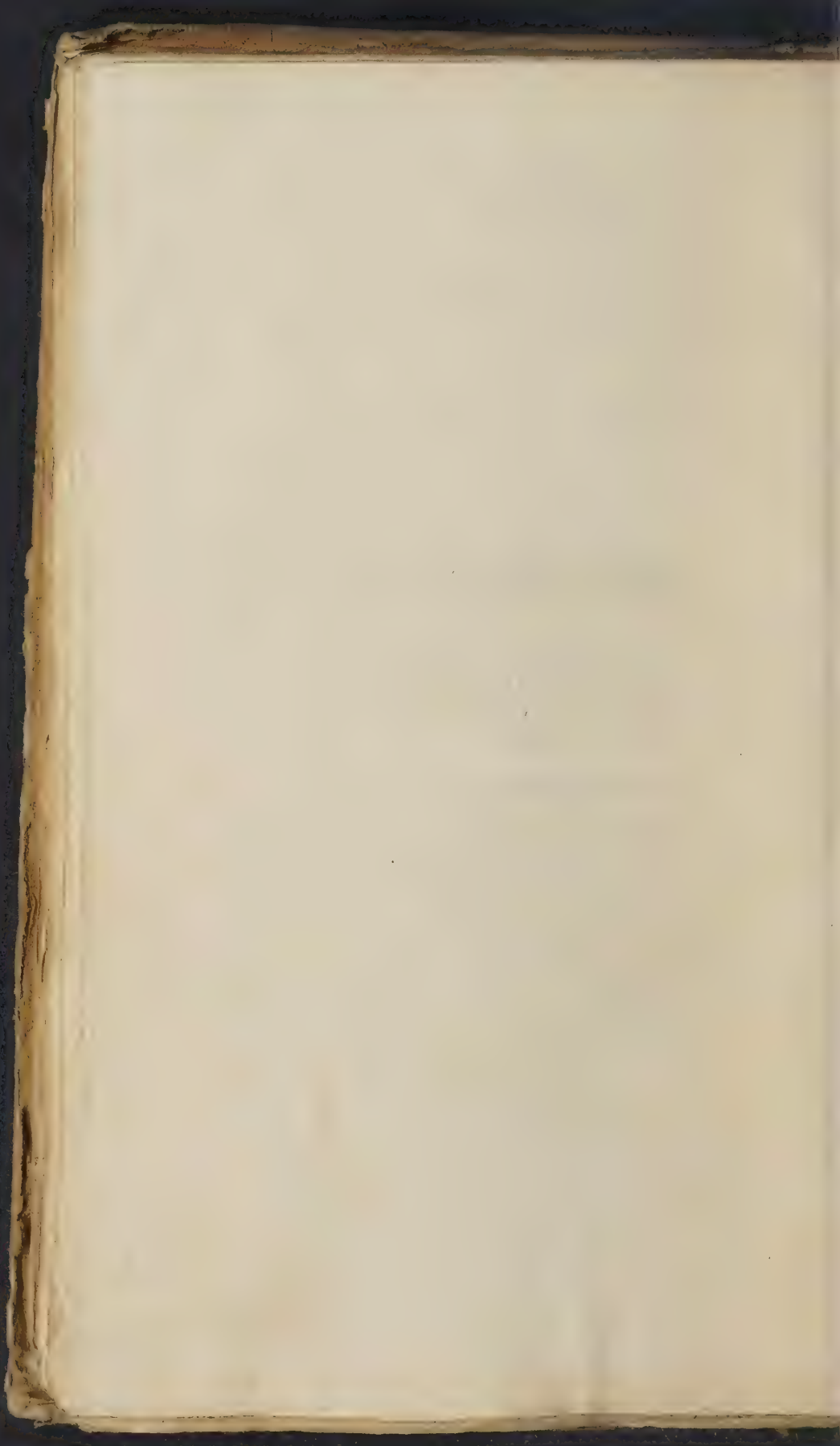
Junk and Tars in Limbo.

Till spent with toil he scorns to yield,
Then falls exhausted on the field,
And thus to guard-house safely ta'en,
He there beholds his friends again,
Who all with grog on board surpriz'd,
By numbers were at length capsiz'd,
As Junk from Sally Port made way
For needful rhino, host to pay ;
And tho' in limbo safely stow'd,
Junk never heeds the dark abode,
Once more his messmates glad to see,
With Mordecai recounts the spree ;
'Till fumes of grog and toils ensteep
Their senses in profoundest sleep ;
Where I, with blessings, bind the spell,
And bid them, for a while—farewell.



CONCLUSION.





CONCLUSION.

Yonder he goes, there goes the scrub,
Gone is my heart this hour;
O! may the bullets but knock off his nob,
For I have his will and his power.

At once to end the Muse's toils,
From land remov'd and all its broils;
View Junk and tars the Fame on board,
In safety by marines restor'd;
If hulls you can deem water tight,
Thus maim'd in gallant shindey's fight;
Bob Boom, laid up with broken fin;
Tom Tackle, with three ribs stove in;

Tars on the Doctor's List.

Bill Stay-sail, with two bung'd up eyes,
And nob of pumpkin's hugest size ;
Ned Block, with broken pin laid fast ;
And not least priz'd, tho' nam'd the last,
Our Junk, whose shatter'd jaw gives token
Of red hot row, while flat and broken
His bowsprit, gives the surgeon job,
Capsiz'd the once fam'd bridge of snob.
Lo ! such the honors gain'd by fist,
And all hands on the doctor's list.
Sometime our Jack had been convey'd
On board the Fame, when Tom, by trade
A waterman, with skill profound,
At Point 'gins beating up his round,
To see, in quest of rhino led,
What girls will put off for Spithead ;
And 'mongst the troop by Tom enroll'd,
Who proffer'd persons up for gold,

A prime Cargo.

Within his ample wherry glide,
Bet Sherwin with her friend Poll Stride,
Sal Walker and Mahoney sly,
And Junk's Moll Chantress, with black eye,
With this prime cargo, to the gale
Tom plies the oar and sets the sail,
When, urg'd by winds, he scuds it neat
O'er billows, and plies all the fleet.
Tom finding freightage goes off dull,
Now for the Fame begins to pull,
And gaining soon the war ship's side,
By Junk his Moll is quick descried,
Who sings out to his messmates four,
Our fancy pieces, lads, from shore.
Permission gain'd, to solace life,
Thro' port-hole Jack then lugs his wife;
And though he doats on fancy Doll,
He first enquires—" Neath apron, Moll,

Fancy Pieces on Board.

“ Hast brought the bladder, stor’d with gin ?”
Moll tips the wink, when quick her fin
From thence produces heart’ning liquor,
Which soon makes both their tongues run quicker,
As straight converted into grog,
They whistles wet and take their prog.
In turn Jack Junk and messmates tell
Delights of many a shindy spell,
In which the girls support a part,
For each well knows the tale by heart.
Sometimes they sing, and sometimes jig it,
And smuggling gin from bumboats—swig it.
Three weeks alive is kept the game,
On board Junk’s ship, the gallant Fame;
But time, that always makes an end,
And parts the lover and the friend,
Now severs these two babes of earth,
Since Moll must quit, of Jack the birth,

Junk no flat and Molly dickied.

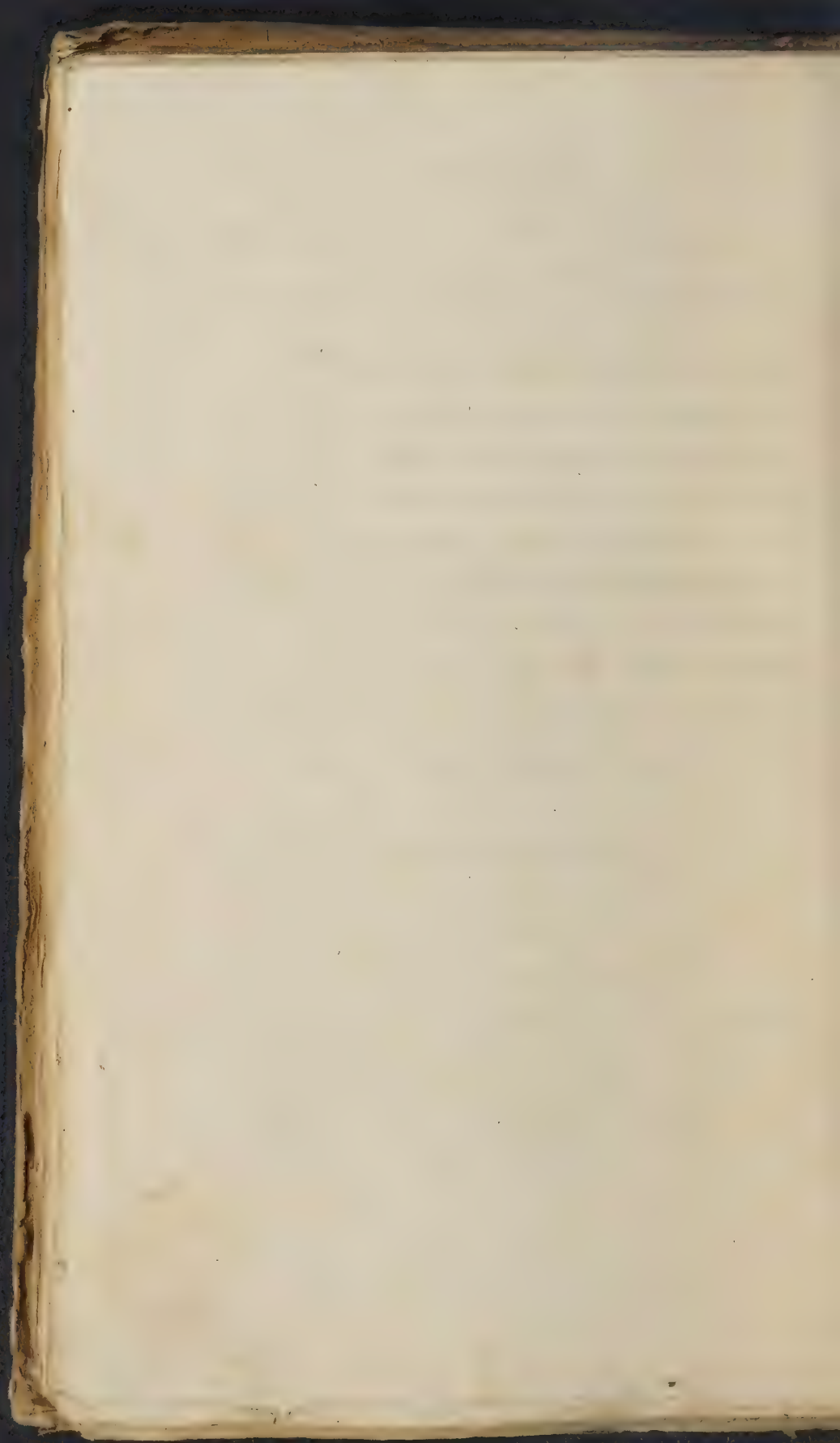
No tear-drop glistens in her eye,
Junk's bosom vents no far-fetch'd sigh;
Expecting rhino, Molly lingers,
Jack twigs her meaning, and his fingers
From locker quickly draw the hoard,
With which from land he came on board,
And thus bespeaks his girl anon,
The shore boat waiting to be gone.
“ In two days, Moll, with you on shore,
“ I spent full fifty pounds and more,
“ And for three weeks with me you've been
“ On board, well plied with prog and gin,
“ So now, to square our yards, dear Molly,
“ I've something left to make you jolly;
“ There's sixpence vench, go get a feast,
“ But of yourself don't make a beast.”
Thro' port-hole then, his soul's dear life,
Junk hands his ammunition wife;

Molly's Lamentation.

While Moll, within the shore boat stow'd,
Looks up towards her late abode,
And with clench'd fists and raven's note,
Tips Jack this lingo from her throat :
" Had I but known, you dirty scamp,
" Your flipper thus had got the cramp,
" Ere I from shore had ta'en this trip,
" To stay on board your filthy ship,
" To nick I'd seen the skulking crew,
" And scurvy blackguards, such as you ;
" So curse the gallows *Fame* for me,
" And may she founder when at sea."
The shore boat steering fast from ship,
To winds Moll Chauntress gives the lip,
While Junk and messmates, swipes then quaffing ;
Near split their honest sides with laughing.
So in such merry mood I'll leave 'em,
Accurs'd be he that e'er would grieve 'em

Poet's conclusive Prayer.

Sings out the bard—whose mind foresees
That whensoever a fav'ring breeze
Shall waft our Junk the foes to dare,
Of fighting Jack will take his share,
And, crown'd with laurel, sweep the sea,
With England's flag of *Victory* ;
Old Ocean's race at once to bless,
May British Tar ne'er know distress ;
And Junk for ever rank his name,
On board our isle's *eternal FAME*.



GLOSSARY.



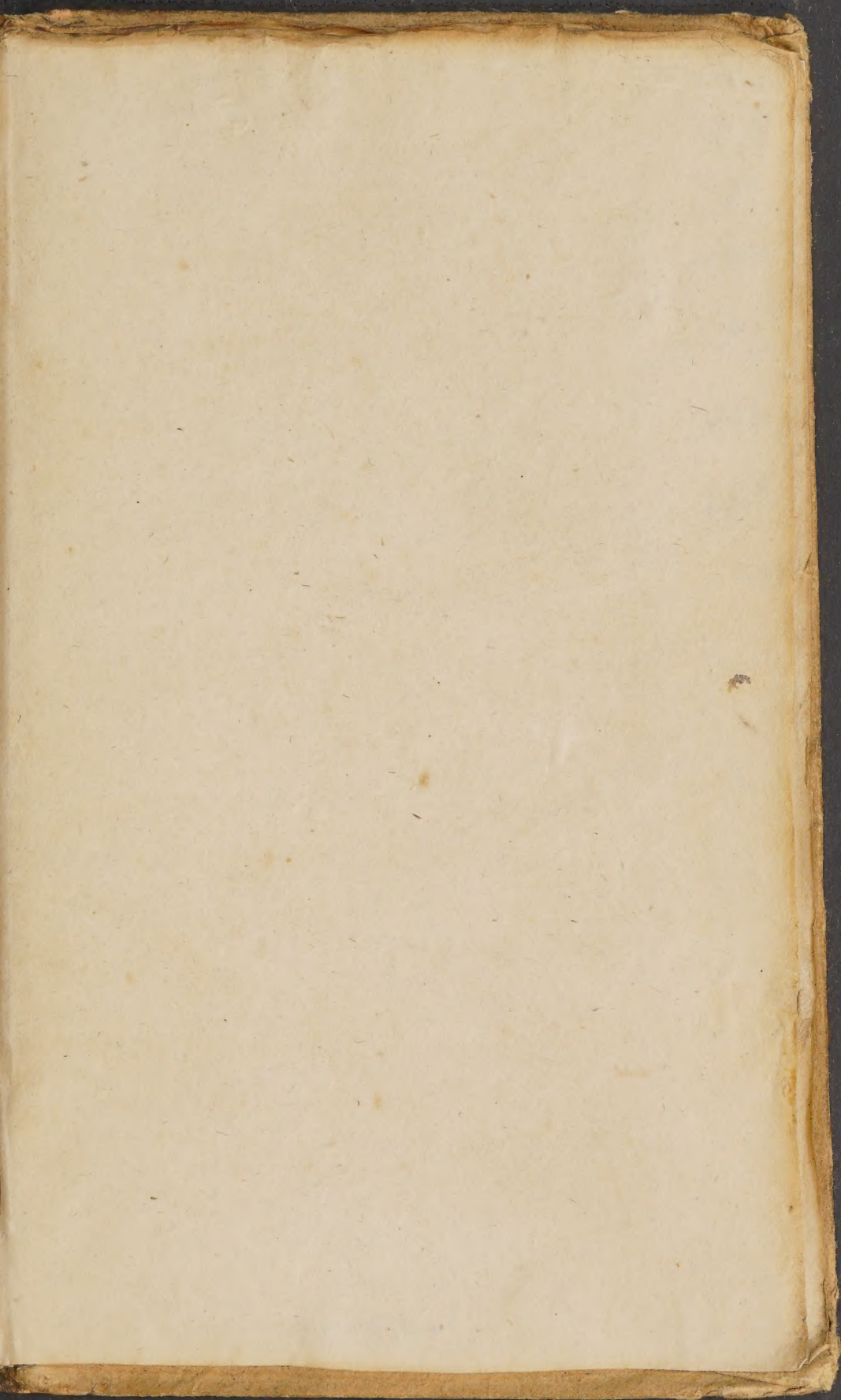
Along-shore boys		Landsmen.
Ammunition wives		Doxies.
Broom it		Make off—run away.
Belay—to		To stop.
Bring too		Stop.
Bowsed		Tightned up—done up.
Booze—to		To get groggy.
Box—the		Give battle.
Brace of snaps		Instantly.
Capsize		Overthrow—upset.
Close your dead lights		Bung up your eyes.
Clew—to		To hold fast.
Chest		Table.
Clearing out at custom house		Eased of an incumberance.
Doff		Pull off.
Douse your truck		Take off your hat.
Daizy		Term applied to dock mates.
Dock shankers		Ditto.

Duds	Clothes.
Demand the box	Call for a bottle.
Elbow scraper	A fiddler.
Flipper	The hand.
Flower	Applied to a dock-yard man.
Fancy pieces	Doxies.
Fore and aft	In every direction.
Flimsies	Bank bills.
Four bells at night	Ten o'clock.
Grog on board	Nearly drunk.
Glim	Light or eye.
Grub	Provision.
Gib	Face—visage.
Give lip—to	To talk.
Hop	A dance.
Hull	The body.
Haul your wind	To get clear.
Hatchway	The mouth.
High and dry	Cast on shore.
In the wind	Drunk.
Lushing muzzle	Blow in the mouth.
Larboard	Left or to leeward.
Locker	Strong box—purse—pocket.
Loplolly boys	Skulkers—servile fellows.

Make sail—to	To be gone.
Malt	Beer.
Nab	To catch on the sly.
No cheek	No talk.
No lip	No prating.
Nob—the	The head.
Nip-cheese	An over-reaching fellow.
O be joyful!	Good liquor—brandy.
Overhaul—to	To examine.
Peepers	Eyes.
Prog	Provisions.
Pad it—to	To walk.
Pins	Legs.
Pop-shop	Pawn-broker's
Rig—to	To fit out.
Right and tight	All proper.
Rouse—to	To disturb.
Rak'd	Cut up.
Shindy	A disturbance—a row.
Spree	Ditto.
Swipes	Beer.
Stumps	Legs.
Snob	Nose.
Stave your day lights in ..	Bung up your eyes.

Soul in soak	Drunk.
Spoony	A fool—an ass.
Stem	The fore part.
Stern	The aft part.
Starboard	Right.
Stove in	Broken away.
Snooze—to	To sleep.
Slipp'd my cable	Got off
Sails in ribbons	Torn to pieces.
Sails aback	Bring too.
Swipy	Groggy—tipsy.
Shopp'd	In limbo—imprisoned.
Top your boom	To go away—to make off.
Tip	Give here.
Tort	Tight.
Tackling	Catching—clinging to.
Twig—to	To be up to.
Upright and downwright ..	Point blank—honest.
Wings	Arms.
Wake	The foamy tract left on the water at the stern of the ship, when under sail.
White feather—a	Cowardice.
Whack—his	His share of provision or meal.

FINIS.



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